

THE DAYS GONE BY.

Oh, the days gone by! Oh, the days gone by! The apples in the orchard and the pathway through the trees...

UNDER A SHADOW.

"Sue! Sue! Sue!" hissed Marcus Goswell, viciously. "I will make no terms with him. What have I to do with his wife and children and altered fortunes?"

Marcus Goswell was described in the New York directory as a general agent. He really was a money lender and bill broker, and one of the hardest old men who ever dishonored their gray hairs by deeds of rapacious usury.

The person to whom he had been talking was William Harland, his chief clerk, a genial, generous young man of thirty, with as little aptitude for the life he was leading as was possible to imagine.

"I do believe I have taken forty winks to-night. This night makes one so uncommonly tired."

"Where is Grosvenor's bill?" "We looked everywhere for it, but could not find it, and finally Will came to the conclusion that Mr. Goswell had forgotten to give it to him before he left."

"You here? What means this?" "This lady," I said, pointing to Ethel, "is William Harland's sister."

"I know you," said the young man, "and I know you know me. I am, perhaps, your brother's friend."

more intimately, I found that under all the tinsel show of childish beauty, there lay a spirit strong to act and full of determination.

She told me that she and her widowed mother lived alone; that they had not heard from her brother for some time; that her mother must be kept in ignorance of the catastrophe which had befallen them; and that, come what would, she, Ethel Harland, was resolved upon finding Will's address and clearing him of the stigma the unfortunate incident had left on his reputation.

But, although she remained in New York three weeks, nothing could be accomplished; and I took the heart-broken girl to the depot, and saw her off by the train for her Ohio home.

Weeks passed by and nothing occurred to clear up the mystery. Then came a long letter from Ethel, suggesting that I follow old Goswell, if it did seem as if I could do anything for her.

Accordingly the next evening I dogged the footsteps of my employer, and followed him to a suburban village where he was met at the depot by a bright little girl, almost as pretty as Ethel herself, in a pony phaeton.

"Gulielmus is Latin or something for William," she added, "and I know I used the same sobriquet before on one occasion."

"I am going to see Mr. Goswell's charming young lady. She has influence with him. She is young, impressionable and, I am sure, generous; and I feel satisfied that I can enlist her services in making that horrid old man withdraw the imputation he has cast on my brother's conduct."

"I had told Ethel of this little incident before, but she had, as I had myself, given it no significance; but now she was alert to its importance."

"Gerald," she said, "are you sure? See, he comes to the window again. Look!—is it he?"

"I do believe I have taken forty winks to-night. This night makes one so uncommonly tired."

Oh, sympathy is all misplaced. Think of his hours of misery and disgrace, his broken-up home, his wife's distress, his—

"Oh, child, you do not know," interrupted Mr. Goswell, "how much or what we are thinking. What will you have? We are now at your mercy."

"Restitution of my brother's good name, and a written apology for the base falsehood that has clouded his life with misery."

"And no punishment for the guilty one?" Ethel looked for a moment at the face of the young man beside her, then gently murmured the doctors' words.

"No, Mr. Goswell, none. God has taken his punishment into higher hands than ours. My brother, if he were here, would say with me, Let him go in peace, and sin no more."

"Mechanically the man of business called for paper and wrote a full retraction of every charge against his late clerk, and an humble acknowledgment of the wrong done him, offering to supplement it with any monetary consideration William Harland might choose to demand."

With this we took our leave. Bright and early the next morning we were at Ford street, Brooklyn, and sure enough found the wanderer. What they had suffered I need not tell, suffice it to say Ethel came in for her share of thanks and blessings, and your humble servant was by no means forgotten in the general rejoicing.

Will Harland, my brother-in-law, has now a good business of his own. Rose is rozier than ever, and the boy is old enough now to be a connoisseur of glass material and peg tops; and my wife Ethel looks over my paper and says I am "a dear, stupid goose to rake up the incidents of that horrid old nightmare, anyhow, Eye or no Eye."

A North Carolina Story. One of the most remarkable maladies known to the medical profession of this state is now being treated with success. This is that of A. M. Wilhelm, aged about eighteen. If an ordinary bathing tub is filled with ice cold water and the boy's feet placed in it, in less than six minutes the water is made to come to a boiling heat.

He has been suffering with the remarkable disease about a month, and during that time has consulted and been treated by the ablest physicians in the state. It was caused, it is thought, by being terribly racked by a steam engine upon which he got to adjust some portion of the machinery. The throttle valve was in some way moved and a full head of steam put on.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN NOVELIST.

A NOVEL IN THE STYLE OF WM. BLACK. Takes you back, the Hebrides, an obstinate young lady, and a piper. Add to these a Highland laird and Colonsay; now, introduce a young man in a kilt and Oransay, with a pinch of Kyles of Bute and Ben Muich Dhal. Flavor to taste with Gaelic border ballads, and Styronaway; cover with pathos and serve.

IN THE STYLE OF MR. ANTHONY TROLLOPE. This is always a dish in season, but depending like the omelette, on a certain amount of mechanical skill. The ingredients are simple: three English elegants of slightly doubtful reputation, a comely family, one duchess and a pair of purely conventional lovers.

Take one languid Greek god, with fair hair and the shadow of a crime. Flavor him with a ruined Abbey, nothing a year, a palace on the Bosphorus, and turn him into a hero. Take also several duchesses, to whom he makes love—very languidly, or he will not do—a Dalmatian gitan with a thirst for revenge, and one vivandiere. After these become thoroughly mixed, introduce carefully a chapter on Ariadne and a young man in a kilt, a gifted dog, and a plain sister above, a piquant flavor. Season with a bouquet of choice misquotations, and serve with a supreme expiation.

Procure, ready-made from the pastry-cook, one Palladian palace, which may be filled at pleasure with allegorical figures, and the British aristocracy, the Rothschild family, the great Asiatic mystery, and Lord Beaconsfield. Powdered footmen should be sprinkled over the whole.—Angus M. Swift, in the Century "Brio-a-Brag."

The French end of the channel tunnel is moving eighteen and the English twelve a day. "A woman husbands her resources when she rifles the pockets of her lord and master, and he goes to bed," remarks the Boston Courier.

A news item says the male members of a Boston family are "bewitched." The next-door neighbor evidently has several pretty daughters. It often happens that way.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

"Adolphus Delaine came out of college highly educated and made his mark in the world. But what of that? He boxed the ears of his wife, had an education, and I always make my mark. Education be blasted!"

The Corsini Palace in the Lagragna at Rome has been bought by the government for 2,500,000 francs, say £100,000, to be used as a "Palace of Science," one of the buildings of the new city of Rome, to be reorganized of the city of Rome.

"Strange," remarked Mrs. Brown; "I have rung at Mr. Smith's door three times this week and I didn't succeed in raising any one. I guess the family is out of town." "Possibly replied Mrs. Jones; "but Mrs. Smith was just now telling me that she could tell your ring among a thousand."

The cure of the agricultural troubles in England will gradually be worked out by the simplest of the least of the least, except on the very great estates, thus leaving two classes instead of three to live on the land. Already these proprietors who are personally farming many acres of their own unseizable land, except themselves, are well satisfied with the result.

SLAVEN'S YOSEMITE CHERRY TOOTH PASTE.

I. G. Davidson, the popular Portland photographer, is filling orders for enlarged pictures of all kinds, at his gallery on the corner of First and Yamhill streets. He employs a number of the best artists at this work and it will bear the closest inspection. His work is as good as any ever produced on this coast, while his prices are extremely reasonable.

Slaven's Yosemite Cherry Tooth Paste. An aromatic combination for the preservation of the teeth and gums. It is far superior to any preparation of its kind in the market. In large, handsome oval pots, price fifty cents. For sale by all druggists. Hodge, Davis & Co., Wholesale Agents, Portland, Oregon.

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